

A Second Song

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A Second Song by CompelledInk

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Own Character - Character, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stan Uris

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Summary:

As a woman came to Derry, believing she knows whats going on there and will try to bring it.. home

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Author's Note:

Alriiiiight! I've never shared anything like this. I am no native English speaker so I know there will be grammatical wrongs etc.

I've had this little story inside my head ever since I saw the new movie (love it). Please let me know if the build up is any good, if even my English is good. Anything! And I will keep writing, I got it all planned in my head already! It's not much but here we go...

“Searching in the history books again, are we, miss?”

The voice was sudden and closer than she thought. She looked calmly up from the book and closed it. It read “History of Derry” on it. A book she often read. Every detail was important, every line, every picture. Every smallest corner of the pictures could be what she was looking for. She had rather come over this town by a feeling. She was searching for something truly evil. Something born evil, something..

“..still alive” she whispered.

She stared in to the old picture that was hanging on the wall behind the librarian, who talked to her.

“What?”, the older librarian woman said.

She, a young woman, not older than 30, named Charlotte, stood up and walked towards the picture. She had seen a faint of a white dot on it. As she came closer the dot showed a face. A smirking face hidden behind the people of Derry. The picture was old and rather drawn by hand.

“This is... something from Derry right?”, Charlotte asked

The slender older woman walked up to it and took a hold of her glasses. Charlotte stared at the woman gaining in on the picture with her face. She looked closer and closer and as Charlotte imagined it,

the woman stared at the picture. Her eyes started to shake, as the rest of her did not. Eyes crawled upwards and became whole white. Charlotte didn't flinch a bit, staring the same at her, barely breathing. She felt anger. Real anger towards the woman she've known for some weeks now. Charlottes face began to tighten in to what anger would look like. Eyebrows came closer to her eyes and her jaw relaxed and hanged open, breathing in and tasting the odor of the blood running through the woman's veins. Sweat began to drip from her forehead. The woman suddenly screamed as she was grabbed by something, ending the scream. The woman looked stuck in time. A flash of white hands took a steady grip around her neck and throat, flesh ripping as the finger dug in and gripped the throat by it self, revealing blood and muscles, almost ripping it all out. Blood stained the walls and Charlottes face.

"Are you alright?" the same voice from before was heard

A door slammed shut and fast footsteps of many, rushing out of the door was echoed through the library, waking her up

Charlotte came to realize the woman was all fine. Not a single bloodstain or flesh crackling, getting ready to leave the body, no hands trying to bring the woman in to the underworld to feast upon her like vultures in the dessert.

The woman looked over her glasses as any with glasses do at least sometimes. The pictured hanged on the wall, silence as a sleeping beauty.

"Ah..." Charlotte nodded. "I'm sorry, I will return next week again. I need the weekend to... look in to my own stuff. There's a load of them. My... mother used to live here as a teenager and she..." Charlotte heard herself. "*How stupid*" she thought for herself. How could she try to fool anyone? Everyone in Derry knew who have lived here in the past and who still does, it's a small town.

The woman nodded. "Take care, miss, young people today need to study history like you do, no one does. Except that little boy... he sat here all day for a while, read everything about Derry. Poor, lonely boy..." She murmured, walking back to the bookshelves.

Charlotte looked at the woman and tried to smile. She turned around and began walking out from the library. The woman was oddly used to people looking in to the history of the small town, Charlotte thought. Like she has done it hundreds of times. She had tried to make her find anything else one time, but it took at least 15 minutes for her to find them, alike with her finding the books of Derry, took her no longer than the steps to walk to the History-section, but with the thought of it, she was a bit older and had probably lived here her whole life, worked as a librarian for so long she could remember herself.

Charlotte made her way out from the large front doors and down the stairway.

As she went down the last step, watching her legs and feet to not miss the steps, walking was sometimes not easy for her when she had other things on her mind. Her mind took her elsewhere sometimes. Believing she could find what was going on in this town. She knew but she didn't want to speak aloud about it. Barely a whisper. It could hear. It heard anything, the town was like a simulation. Only the kids were real, she could smell them, not the adults, they smelt of nothing or sometimes of sulfur, making her gag or feel sick, but sometimes... they smelt of the warmest blood that could make her full of only the smell of it. Some of the adults were nothing to even try to speak to. They were either angry as the devil or all gone with the wind, sitting like they belonged to a mental asylum. They were replaced with imagination of the kids. As long there were kids around, the non-existing parents were there too and it always moved in new people. There was something that made the house prices go down to the lowest, tricking people to live here as their kids gets slaughtered within a few years and people still wondering what happened to little Anna, or Jim. She knew. She hadn't been there, but she still knew and had pictures in her mind of something ripping them in to pieces after tricking them to do something, it almost felt like it was her, like it was through her own eyes. She barely felt any feelings for them or the parents, not wondering why but rather where. *The humans are no plan of ours to feed on, they are not in the same 'verse and are not meant to be slaughtered like they slaughter their own food*, she thought.

"Hey! You!" a kid yelled, tiny voice as he was probably barely a

teenager, or he just looked young and tender enough.

Charlotte lifted her head and saw a bunch of kids. She barely had time to stop before she almost tripped, but regained her balance. She looked to the left and right to make sure no cars were driving past. She met the kids on the other side of the street.

“What do you want?” she asked, looking around and behind them.

“Umm..” the boy who shouted looked confused as she was crazy, his big glasses didn’t make it better since they enhanced his eyes to be double the size. “We have seen you” The other kids, one girl and rest boys, turned their heads towards him.

Charlotte’s eyes became a lot bigger as she did not understand *what* they had seen. She knew she had done some things, still illegal or classified as totally weird but under control and no evidence left, that she could make sure to the fullest percent. She took a step forward, staring in to the boys eyes

“What have you seen?”

“Umm... You have been at the library, dusting the history books of Derry, just like our boy, Ben did before he found the wonderful gang of us” he said smiling, wrapping his arm around the biggest boy of them.

“Hah...” Charlotte snarled, breaking a smile. “You are The losers club”

The kids raised their eyebrows, confused.

“Yeah, we know but..”

“I’ve heard of you, it came as a whisper to me, to bring you down to the underworld”

The kids began backing away.

“W-w-what do you m-mean?” one of the tallest boy said. *They knew* she thought.

“But I’m not a character like that. You’ve heard it too right, something trying to bring you down there”

Author's Note:

So.. Hahaha o jeez. It all made even more sense when I read on the wiki-page of Stephen King-universe that apparently IT said, probably lying, to Beverly "Tell your friends I am the last of a dying race." So I want to extend that plot a bit. It's all so vivid in my head! I hope I will be able to keep up and actually write it down here. Sharing it with others! Feels like I'm spoiling too much but hehehhehe